Awoken Love of Poetry

In the Dark is Love
In the Heart is Blood

Hamid Ali

About the Author

Hamid Ali is a highly motivated and versatile scholar pursuing a Bachelor of Science in English Language and Literature at International Islamic University, Islamabad. A top-performing student with strong academic excellence, he demonstrates expertise in literature, communication, creative writing, and leadership. With experience in teaching, content creation, travel management, and digital branding, he blends analytical thinking with artistic imagination. Holding TEFL certification and leadership credentials, he has also appeared twice for ISSB. His poetry reflects love, pain, modern struggles, ambition, emotional awakening, and the psychology of the contemporary human condition.

Kindness of Mom

I was the cause of you suffering
I was the cause of you tearing
You got me the success
Even if I always played less

You have still forgiven me
Your shadow was of a green tree
In material world you were always free
You were always to my success a key

Where are you mom?
I am lost with your dome
I wish you alive
To serve you more than life

My pain has tore my heart
I need your love to clean this shirt
I am blackened with the worldly dares
I finally understood your love rare

The White Tree

I entered a jungle rare
The tree was clear
Touching it was a dare
It was a forgotten mare

To end my life was the cause
Burnt the hands with the lodge
Slept I without thoughts
Turned white my heart's knots

I woke without a fought
To end the life caught
The tree transformed the shape
I saw the distance and the gap

Was it an angel or an old man
I was not with it tame
There was not a single lame
I started playing a game

The Old Curtain

Beholded I a curtain
Sentence was it with a hang
It was lacking the power
It wasn't raised like a tower

Many were hands clean on it
It was still under a lit
For the hostel room was a fit
Care wasn't for its knit

Says it beholding me
I will stay to see you go
I have a day to stay
Go you to work of pay

I was shocked to its strength
It seemed of a big length
Powered more than a door
Asking me for a tour

The Old Socks

Black am I in the feet
Which I keep with treat
Am I ever awarded
I am lost crowded

Burnt with old friend of mine
Cry for feet thine
This is my straight line
But I am never dying

I come again in colors
Enter the cycle of roar
People still me a tore
Am I no longer more

I am still under your feet
Working hard to treat
I be living not John Keats
I be yours for more tours

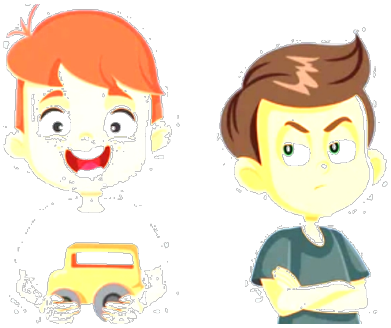
Jealous Friend

I am your lovely friend
I have your own sense
To make me fed and led
To paths of deads

You destroyed me in a day
I thought to have a stay
Learned a lesson big I
To stand and again try

You saw my rebellious
Went so officious
Am I not your dear friend
To give me your own sense

I will follow your paths
Never will love to stay again
Will I not enter the war
Let me stay under and far



Sleeping Strangers

Head on a hard pillow
Lost are you in row
Writing is asking you
Tasking and regarding

I entered a night with dive
Seeing the strangers alive
Under the power of sleep
They are good of leap

Transit they into new worlds
I enter a fare of golds
In your dream is a market
Seeing the rich targets

Earning the dollars
Beautiful are the collars
No pain and no fear
The light is forever my dear

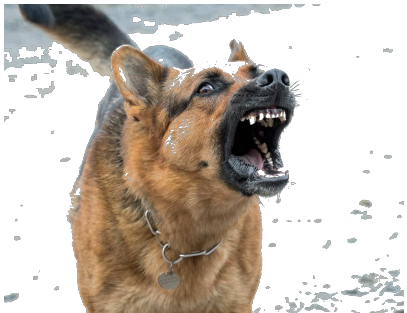
A Barking Dog

Barks the dog in the night
City has blocked the lights
Roads are empty with fear
Ghosts striding not riding

Wait is for the lonely human
Will not dare to enter roads
Unconscious may offer them a meal
Ghosts are waiting for a deal

Five legged ghosts are real
Offered were they meal
They run to dog a kill
This wasn't a huge drill

Humans are allowed eating
Ghosts in the dark alleys
Runs a kid unknowingly
Eaten away devouringly



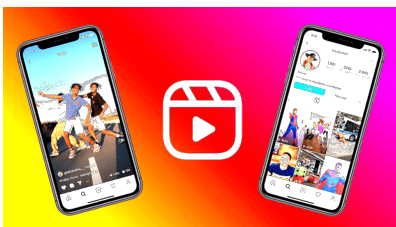
Reels Cycle

Don't you understand the life
Modern man isn't a day
With reels he always lay
Fed is him with parents life

I am burnt to see blocked me
In the cycle of reels eating free
When will I become a fruit
But love I to be a rude

There is another dude
Loves he work with crude
Energy is to be made
For me to cycle my rate

I won't listen to you
I love my reels not you
I kill my health not you
Go away and just you



Pain I Bore

Opened my eyes
The world of lies
Promised was I success
Didn't I hard work less

Still chasing the rest
The only love of rest
All are on the test
Cut is my chest

Changed my heart
Doctor is to me a loop
Kill the world me
Doctor pills to earn me

No and no say I
Won't let my fame
Cry again or tame
For the loss pain

Yes and Up

Laid the notion yeah
To the systems blah
Entered the close
Dead is the road

Running fast and up
Destroyed me one yes
No more and up
Unless I am in dump

I will crump
I will scream
I will dream
I will cream

To become a cheese
Loved by modern craze
It's how these days
Or the one which is lays

Awoken Love of Poetry

This collection explores love, loss, jealousy, and the hidden struggles of life through ten heartfelt poems, written with emotion and insight to reveal deep truths of the human spirit.

Let the light of poetry guide you through the shadows of life.